

## SO ANGEL MARY SEEKS A NEW JOB

From JAMES COOPER

QUEBEC CITY, Wednesday.—Twelve jurors in the "love-bomb" trial of 32-year-old Joseph Albert Guay went to a court room basement today to study 300 pieces of plane debris.

The case was adjourned while they were taken to the cell next to the one used by Guay—accused of murdering his wife by blowing up a Dakota.

There they stared for 20 minutes inspecting the wreckage.

Guay, who has to pass this cell on his way to the court room above, watched through the bars while the jury picked their way among the debris, which included tangled seats, clothing, and a mailbag.

Later, as technical evidence was given, he sat with his head bowed, and might have seemed asleep except that he dozed on the dock bench with his left forearm.

Angel Mary, who was a waitress and hat-check girl no longer serves beer and wine. It has become a coffee-shop.

Angel Mary has abandoned the new upsweep hairdo with black curls mounting into a Pompadour that costed quarter-dollars (1s. 8d.) a look from night-club patrons.

She wears her hair simply shoulder-length. Today she was out in the blizzard looking for a new job.

## £1 refused: Unions try again

By TREVOR EVANS

ONE of the first embassies to the new Government will come from the Confederation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Unions, which contain 47 unions with 2,500,000 members.

Yesterday its demand for an extra £1 a week from employers' profits for shipbuilding workers was rejected on the ground that the industry cannot afford it.

Mr. Walter Stevens, general secretary of the 100,000-strong Electrical Trades Union, announced that when the executives of the confederation unions meet at York next Thursday he

will propose a national campaign to disprove that argument.

Mr. Stevens declared: "Our researches show that 100 engineering companies have surplus assets of more than £223 million. We call this 'loot'."

Our demand for engineering workers alone would mean a net cost of £40,000,000. It would create employment and a demand for more goods.

That sort of spiral maintains full employment and is the way to defeat the crisis."

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M.P.s ASSEMBLE, AND THIS TIME—

## Nobody sings Red Flag

By WILLIAM BARKLEY

MR. ATTLEE stood up in the massed new assembly of the House of Commons yesterday and gave his weather forecast. He hazarded: "I hardly think it will be set fair."



"Oh, dear, haven't you got one that doesn't make me look quite like an M.P.?"

It may be stormy or stormy with fair intervals or unsettled. Mr. Winston Churchill, leader of the Opposition, rose and said: "I entirely agree that you cannot predict an indefinite 'set fair' in these affairs."

The election had resulted in a very narrowly balanced House which had not yet had an opportunity to show its character, he added.

Each House of Commons was not to be measured simply by adding up the numbers of members of different parties. Each develops a personality of its own.

He added gravely: "We have been absorbed in our own affairs lately, but we are living in a world full of anxiety and storm."

"I trust that this Parliament will not lose its consciousness of the vast world that has grown up about us, and of our own immense difficulties of maintaining the standard of life of our people."

Waiting on words The Government Front Bench was hanging on every word, and may have thought that Mr. Churchill's words did not show an immediate Tory decision to challenge the Government for office.

Two leaders were doing no more than approving the selection of Colonel Clifton Brown as Speaker.

What a mulling and mulling mass this Assembly was at 2 o'clock yesterday. It was not yet the House of Commons. None of the M.P.s had yet taken the oath.

The corridors and smoke rooms and refreshment places were jammed from noon onwards. On boys were showing new boys around. Each was regaling the others with tales of his constituency.

At 4 o'clock the Chamber hall was full of proceedings. At once, the whole thing had changed.

It was one side or the other, black or white, sheep or goats. With the evenly balanced party strengths, the Socialists no longer were allowed to over on to the Opposition side.

The greatly strengthened Tory Party filled the whole Opposition side. The benches were full where Mr. Clement Davies sat to lead the nine undeclared Liberals.

The younger set It was most striking what a lot of hair there is on Tory heads in comparison with the Socialists. One could pick out all through the Tory benches young men who have arrived to make a mark.

Dr. (Radio) Charles Hill sat stretching his legs, giving his views to anybody within reach, his hand being frequently shaken by passing Tories, with Mr. Clement Davies, his second bench leaning forward to have a word.

Mr. William Whitely pulls out a blue handkerchief to mop his face. He is the Liberal Government Whip, the man with the biggest load of trouble in this Parliament so far as collecting the votes is concerned.

The place is buzzing like an over-turned hive of bees. First cheer rises from the Tory benches, then the entry of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden and the Tory Chief Whip.

Almost at once Herbert Morrison and Hugh Dalton enter, opposite Mr. Churchill, to sit on the second bench leaning forward to show that they have not just been chatting with the Tory leaders outside.

Then in comes Mr. Attlee, slipping unobtrusively into his place, settling down instantly, and ready to put his feet up on the table.

Quiet opening The whole right side of the House stands up and cheers. Some new hands even clap until frowned on. But there is no flamboyant mood; it is all subdued.

No waving of handkerchiefs or order papers this time. And no singing of the Red Flag as happened in 1945.

The chamber is silenced by three knocks on the outer door, which the Commons, in brave old defiance, have shut in the face of Black Rod, the Lord's emissary. At the third knock they let him in.

Sir Frederic Metcalfe, wiggled Clerk of the House, rises from his chair beneath the empty Speaker's chair and joins Black Rod for the walk to the Lords. Members of Parliament fall in behind him.

While officially the Commons, through their Clerk, are being told they may elect a Speaker, Colonel Clifton Brown sits on a Tory seat and chats across the gangway to Earl Winterton, or leans back to hear a word from Clement Davies.

The little procession returns, and Sir Frederic Metcalfe, without a word, points to Mr. David Kirkwood.

Job for Davie Davie Kirkwood, the oldest Privy Counsellor, moves the election of Colonel Clifton Brown as Speaker. Sir Charles MacAndrew, a prominent committee chairman, seconds from the Tory side.

Colonel Clifton Brown, hands in pockets at first, then his right hand fingering his waistcoat buttons, thanks everyone for the honour, and tells new M.P.s: "I want you to regard the Speaker not as a schoolmaster, but as a friend. I do not talk as schoolmasters talk to new boys—and to new girls."

Then the Speaker-Elect performed his traditional act to demonstrate that he accepts office with reluctance and humility.

He sat fast while Mr. Kirkwood and Sir Charles MacAndrew advanced on him. With a broad smile, Colonel Clifton Brown shook a friendly fist in Mr. Kirkwood's face.

But Mr. Kirkwood grasped him firmly by the one wrist while Sir Charles took the other. They led him through the cheering House to the Chair.

The Sergeant at Arms put the mace on the table before him. The House then adjourned until today, when M.P.s will take the oath.

## M.I.5 boss looks on



### SIR PERCY SILLITOE, YESTERDAY

THE head of M.I.5, Sir Percy Sillitoe, was at the Fuchs trial yesterday. Sir Percy directs the activities of Britain's counter-espionage service. His department, contrary to the notions of novelists, does not send Secret Service agents

into other countries seeking information, but deals solely with the security of the State, and the protection of its defence secrets. Sir Percy first won fame as gang-busting Chief Constable of Glasgow.

## EVERYWHERE HE WENT A SPY MET HIM

Express Staff Reporter

KLAUS FUCHS was born in Germany in 1911—three years before Kaiser Wilhelm's Army swept into Belgium. He grew up in a cultured home—his father was a professor of theology.

In his youth, three things happened. His father became a Quaker. He joined the Social Democrat (Socialist) Party. The Nazi movement began to spread.

Klaus Fuchs became a scientist in the closing days of the Weimar Republic. He also changed his party. He became a Communist because, he explained, he had no faith in Social Democracy as an opponent of Hitlerism.

EMBLEM GOES One day in 1933 he was sitting in a train reading a newspaper. On the opposite side of the aisle, he saw the face of a young man, an account of the firing of Berlin's Reichstag. Goering was calling for Communist blood.

Klaus Fuchs took the hammer and sickle emblem out of his bag. He had entered the train as an open Communist. He left it a secret Communist. That day he went "underground."

He made his plans. He quit Germany in the first wave of refugees. Behind him he left his father, two sisters, a brother.

He reached England. His academic reputation preceded him. He was welcomed at Bristol University, where he was awarded his doctorate of philosophy.

TWO SISTERS He was welcomed at Edinburgh University, where he became a doctor of science. He was awarded a Carnegie Research Fellowship. That was in 1939.

In Germany, his father, Emil, was hustled to a concentration camp. His sister Elizabeth committed suicide. A second sister, Crystal, got to America and married an American.

In Britain, in 1940, Klaus Fuchs was interned in the special camp with other refugees from Nazi persecution.

He was shipped to Canada. There he stayed until 1942. The danger of invasion was over. He returned to Britain.

He did that through a foreigner who was not known to the authorities as a Communist. He arranged a code of recognition signals and met agent after agent.

At the time, his colleagues working with him on the bomb still thought of him as an apolitical, theoretic scientist.

Yet, all the time, the information he acquired was passed on to his contacts kept touch with him wherever he was.

He went to New York in 1943 as a key scientist. An agent contacted him.

He went to Boston, Massachusetts—the city where his married sister Crystal is now in a mental home. An agent met him.

He returned to Berkshire, to the atomic centre at Harwell—and again a contact was made.

But something else affected his standing—information from America about a leak.

Suspicion centred on bespectacled Dr. Fuchs. He talked.

At Fuchs's Oia Bailey trial yesterday, Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, K.C., defending, said that Fuchs was "a known Communist," and had never pretended he was anything else. It was in his records at the Home Office.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, Attorney-General, who prosecuted, said that inquiries had not shown Fuchs was linked with British Communists.

Investigations tended to show he was immersed in academic studies, and took no interest in politics.

Fuchs pleaded guilty to a four-count indictment, listing the places at which he yielded up secrets to Russian agents in Birmingham and New York in 1943, Boston (Mass.) in 1945, and in Berkshire in 1947.

When Fuchs was asked if he had anything to say, he said in low tones:—

There are also some other crimes which I have committed. They are not crimes in the eyes of the law. They are crimes . . . The rest of the sentence was inaudible.

## FUCHS DROVE IN SPORTS CAR

FROM PAGE ONE

at the Harwell Atom Station, taken for release to the Press 18 months ago, was withheld because Fuchs was in it.

Ironically, M.I.5 argued that, if his photograph were widely published, he might be "got at" by foreign agents while visiting his father in Germany.

A few months before the picture was taken Fuchs had been sent to Germany on an atom research snoop with the temporary rank of a brigadier.

Yet since 1940 Home Office records had shown him as a man who had risked his life and career for Communism. Only the hospitality of the British people saved him as a German Communist, agitator from Hitler's Gestapo.

Fuchs deliberately used his superlatively negative nature to repel attention.

He built up a reputation of being interested in nothing outside Harwell's high wire fence—except an occasional and solitary spin in his fast M.G. sports car.

In the two and a half years he lived in the Abingdon guest house, kept by Mrs. Edith Alexander, he never mixed with any of the 24 other residents.

'JUST A JOB' "On Sundays he would sometimes sit in the lounge working on some mathematical problem, but if other guests came in he would go to his room," says Mrs. Alexander.

Now he has begun to wonder about those frequent weekend trips Fuchs made on the curfew pretext. It's a job for Harwell.

When he moved to an aluminium prefab in the atom station's shiny, shanty town, he made few friends. Officials who met him on casual visits remembered him only vaguely as the slight, balding man with the floppy hands.

When the station magazine ran a clerical competition such entries as:—

Fuchs Looks An ascetic Theoretic.

reflected his success at self-effacement.

In the slim Harwell file marked FUCHS, K. E. J., such phrases as "very quiet, very reserved" and "not actively interested in politics" made reassuring reading for M.I.5.

Fuchs, the Communist fanatic who went underground in 1933, had buried his politics even deeper in Britain.

Only by shedding the last strand of conscience could Fuchs have betrayed the trust of such men as Edinburgh University's mathematical genius, Professor Max Born.

Soon after Fuchs arrived in Britain, Professor Born befriended him. Together they worked on an obscure mathematical idea called the Uncertainty Principle.

SUSPECTS ALL Fuchs, by his crime, has highlighted an Uncertainty Principle of a different kind—the principle that in this cold-war age no one's political allegiance is above suspicion.

That uncertainty is being deeply and seriously felt inside Harwell, its effect on the mutual trust between the scientists there will linger long after Fuchs has hardened to prison life.

A far greater potential danger is the insidious influence of the conviction on Anglo-American relations.

His defection strikes at the roots of U.S. confidence in Britain. It is a way that stirs up old distrusts. It may postpone for critical years full partnership in the now more-important field of atomic defence.

By helping M.I.5 track down his contacts Klaus Fuchs may now be a traitor to Communism. But the British police can write him off with satisfaction.

OTHER CRIMES . . . At Fuchs's Oia Bailey trial yesterday, Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, K.C., defending, said that Fuchs was "a known Communist," and had never pretended he was anything else. It was in his records at the Home Office.

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THE BETRAYAL The Lord Chief Justice, passing the maximum sentence of 14 years, said: "There are four matters which seem to me the gravest aspects of your crime."

"First, you have imperilled the right of asylum which this country has hitherto extended."

"Dare we now give shelter to political refugees who may be followers of this pernicious creed, and who will may disguise themselves to bite the hand that feeds them?"

Second, you have betrayed not only the projects and inventions of your own brain—for which this country was paying you, and enabling you to live in comfort in return for your promise of secrecy—but you have also betrayed the secrets of other workers, and thereby might have caused the graves of suspicion to fall on those who falsely treated as aliens, and who were misled into trusting you."

"Third, you might have imperilled the good relations between this country and the great American Republic."

"Fourth, you have done irreparable and incalculable harm both to this land and to the United States, and you did it merely for the purpose of furthering your political creed."

During Sir Hartley Shawcross's speech for the prosecution, Fuchs kept his eyes fixed on the £30,000 Rembrandt picture in the mediation worn by the Lord Mayor, who sat near the Lord Chief Justice.

## Six P.C.s carry out M.P.—twice

Express Staff Reporter

THE HAGUE, Wednesday.—Six policemen today fought with Communists when one tried to stage a "sit-down strike" in Parliament.

Communist leader Gerber Wagenaar was ordered out during a debate. He sat on the floor.

Six other Communist members battled with the police as they carried Wagenaar out struggling.

Half an hour later Wagenaar slipped back. Police again carried him to the door, the debate should be carried because being carried was "undignified."

'Debate atom in Moscow' says Senator

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—Senator McMahon told the Senate today that the U.S. and her Atlantic Pact partners should draft "a new approach to atomic peace."

Then UNO's General Assembly should hold talks in Moscow, her U.S. inspectors in every Russian atomic plant.—Express News Service.

Trygve Lie seeks a way out

LAKE SUCCESS, Wednesday.—Mr. Trygve Lie, the United Nations Secretary-General, is sounding UNO members on the possibility of a General Assembly session in Moscow.

Paris in an attempt to break the East-West atom deadlock and China. He is also discussing Mr. Churchill's suggestion for a "Big Three" meeting.

Singers protect the General

PARIS, Wednesday.—One hundred men armed with iron bars smashed the windows of a Paris library where General Weygand, 1940 French Chief of Staff, kept copies of his memoirs.

His supporters, who were drowned "Down with Weygand" by singing the Marseillaise. The police arrested the mob.—Express News Service.

BIGGEST BUILD-UP yet in being given in New York to this year's Federation of British Industries Fair. Every day for weeks a small advertisement for the fair appeared in the Wall-street Press.

announcing that this and that big business man is to visit it. The full-page advertisements have started. The theme: "Your best bet for bargains."

CONFESION from a committee which has been trying for a year to settle rivalries between the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Navy: "It will take another year to settle their arguments."

SCOTT'S-FOR-BREAKFAST MAKES THEM ASK FOR MORE!

MOTHER! YOUR family will love the smooth creaminess and mild Scottish Oat flavour of Scott's Porridge Oats. They will start the day happier for its comforting warmth and hearty nourishment.

Add Scott's to your next shopping list—and score full marks with your family!

QUICK-COOKING Scott's PORRIDGE Oats

NEW! Silvikrin

Lotion with oil

Silvikrin Lotion with oil brings a triple benefit to dry hair. It replaces the natural oils which are lacking; it acts as a dressing as well as a health giving lotion; it contains Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food. A few minutes daily massage with Silvikrin Lotion WITH OIL will bring new life, health and vitality to your hair, and will keep it perfectly groomed throughout the day.

Silvikrin LOTION WITH OIL

THEY go to bed satisfied

"MY family all have tremendous appetites!" said Mrs. James Hayer, whose husband's brilliant acting will be familiar to all who saw "Blue Lagoon." "When it's time to send them to bed, they all begin to feel 'kinda hungry'."

"But this is one problem that doesn't worry me," she went on. "I've learnt that a cosy cup of Rowntree's Cocoa all round soon makes everybody happy. After

FEELING KINDA HUNGRY? ME—ID HAVE A CUPPA ROWNTREES!"

Rowntree's cocoa, unlike many popular bedtime drinks, contains fat, body-building protein, and energy-giving carbohydrate. It's easily digestible—and also gives its part in the digestion of the other foods you eat, so that you gain more benefit from them. No wonder Rowntree's sends children off to bed.

WHY IT MATTERS WHAT YOU DRINK LAST THING AT NIGHT

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